SIX
PASTORALS:

VIDELICET,

I. The Country Lovers.
II. The Conteſt.
III. Winter.
IV. Two Boys.
V. The Complaint of Daphnis.
VI. The Happy Meeting.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TWO PASTORAL SONGS.

By GEORGE SMITH,

Landſchape Painter, at Chichester, in Suſſex.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is with the utmoſt diffidence that the Author has ventured to lay the following poetical pieces before the public. His profeſſion as a landſchape painter induced him to ſtudy nature very attentively; and the beautiful ſcenes he often examined, furniſhed him with a great variety of ideas, many of which, he flatters himſelf, are new; at leaſt, he has not been happy enough to find them in any author he has peruſed. But as he never made the art of writing his particular ſtudy, he has not always been able to convey his ideas to the Reader with the ſame force as he received them from the Book of Nature. Whatever defects, there-

fore, may be found in the language, he hopes they will be forgiven; and that the Reader will be kind enough to correct the following

ERRATA.

Pag. 3, line 12, for *lofty* read *waving*.
12, line 5, for *diſtant* read *lofty*.
25, laſt line, for *ſoft* read *moiſt*.
28, ſecond line, in the note, dele *only*.
14 line 17 for Mowe read drove
In the Title for Landſchape read Landscape

PASTORAL

PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

THE COUNTRY LOVERS;

OR,

ISAAC and MARGET going to Town, on a Summer's Morning.

SCENE, A Farmer's Yard, at Sun-rising.

ISAAC.

COME! Marget, come! — the team is at the gate!
Not ready yet! — you always make me wait!

MARGET.

It is not later than the time you set;
For see the hour-glass! — see, 'tis running yet.

It took me up more time to feed thy jay,
Than you for Marget willingly would ſtay.
But when he learns to talk, his head I'll fill
With words to make thee mannerly! — I will!

ISAAC.

I call'd indeed, and ſeem'd to chide thy ſtay,
For fear my love ſhould loſe the prime of day;
When lab'ring bees to flow'ry fields repair,
To gather ſweets that ſcent the morning air.
Already o'er yon hill the ſun appears,
And thro' the fruit-trees gilds the yoking ſteers.
See on the kitchen wall, with ballads gay,
The early ſun-beams quiver thro' the ſpray.
Now Roſamond they leave, and ſink apace,
To tremble on the lines of Chevy-chace.
'Tis five exactly when they gild the tack
That holds this corner of the Almanack.

MARGET.

I've nothing now to do but fetch my hood;
For thick will fall the dew-drops in the wood.
But ſoon, I fear, we ſhall complain of heat,
When up the ferny hill our cattle ſweat.
There, with the ſun, the ground is ruſſet dry,
And duſt in clouds will round the waggon fly.

No friendly trees are there, no buſh, no briar,
To whoſe kind ſhade the trav'ler might retire.

ISAAC.

But then we reach the cooling hollow way,
Where ſilver rills thro' ſhady channels play;
Where moſſy ſhrubs are dreſs'd in all their pride,
And hanging maples deck the ſloping ſide;
There thy delight, the wrens, ſteal out and ſing,
Making the little ivy'd caverns ring.
Above the ſpreading oaks thick branches meet,
Whoſe lofty bow'r excludes the ſultry heat.
There my delight, the ~~lofty~~ waving rook'ry, rings,
While the young neſtlings learn to uſe their wings.

MARGET.

Well, now I'm ready, long I have not ſtaid.

ISAAC.

One kiſs before we go, my pretty maid.

MARGET.

Go! — don't be fooliſh, Iſaac — get away!
Who loiters now? — I thought you could not ſtay!
There — that's enough! why, Iſaac, ſure you're mad!

ISAAC.

One more, my deareſt girl ——

MARGET.

Be quiet, lad.
See both my cap and hair are rumpled o'er!
The tying of my beads is got before!

ISAAC.

There let it ſtay, thy brighter bluſh to ſhow,
Which ſhames the cherry-colour'd ſilken bow.
Thy lips, which ſeem the ſcarlet's hue to ſteal,
Are ſweeter than the candy'd lemon peel.

MARGET.

Pray take theſe chickens for me to the cart;
Dear little creatures, how it grieves my heart
To ſee them ty'd, that never knew a crime,
And form'd ſo fine a flock at feeding time!

ISAAC.

See, I have made thee up a flow'ry ſeat
With full-blown clover, cut at noon-tide heat.
Here's weather for thee, love, to go to town!
How many larks are warbling o'er the down!

The

The ſportive robins too, along the way,
Billing each other, riſe in wanton play.
While all along the vale, on either ſide,
Within the hedges dreſs'd in flow'ry pride,
The coupled finches make the coverts ring
With love's fond notes, which they in tranſport ſing;
Or to their neſts the moſſy ſpoils convey,
While in the gloſſy rills their ſhadows play.
It makes me think of marriage — don't it you,
To ſee them fly and ſettle two and two?

MARGET.

Why doſt thou wear that dirty frock to town?
The folk will jeer me, and my friends will frown.
Well! thou ſhalt bye and bye be cleaner ſeen!

ISAAC.

When we are marry'd, Marget, don't you mean?
If you deſir'd that happy day like me,
Thy kindred ſoon a whiter frock would ſee.
My anxious thoughts would ſoon be lull'd to reſt,
And gentle quiet lodge within my breaſt.
Then come, my fair one, bleſs my kind retreat;
My tufted daiſies long to kiſs thy feet.
My oaks in whiſp'ring ſighs lament thy ſtay,
And chiding riv'lets mourn thy long delay.

My bees forſake their hives, to thee they fly,
Or in thy abſence on the roſes die.
Come then, thou richeſt roſe-bud nature yields,
And charm my vagrants to their native fields.
Gay to thy wiſh, my ſhrub-dreſs'd cottage glows,
With lilachs, woodbines, and the bluſhing roſe.
The ſoft-fring'd pinks before my threſhold bloom,
And cooling breezes waft a rich perfume.
In knots of box, and figur'd beds of bone,
A thouſand tulips now are finely blown.
Let then thy hand its flow'ry ſkill diſplay,
To deck my hearth, and make my windows gay.
Ah! come and hear the muſic of the rills;
Their tuneful murmurs down the ſtony hills.
Theſe ſoft tranſparent waters ſweet and cool,
O'er ſhining pebbles haſten to my pool,
Whoſe cryſtal boſom, undiſturb'd with foam,
Reflects the ſhadow of my peaceful home.
There, pleas'd with thee, my ducks in idle freaks,
Will deck the dancing ſhades with ſilver ſtreaks.
My cattle there from paſture come to drink;
There wait the milker's hand beſide the brink.
Ah! when wilt thou on my delightful green,
At early morn and ev'ning's cloſe, be ſeen
To drain the ſwelling udders of my kine,
And join thy dear, thy pleaſing taſks with mine?

MARGET.

MARGET.

Before the green-dreſs'd hazel changes pale,
And nimble ſquirrels nut along the dale:
Before thy apples with red ſpeckles ſhine,
Or purple cluſters ripen on the vine:
Before thy fav'rite lime begins to fade,
Or ſweating reapers ſeek the cooling ſhade;
Iſaac ſhall ſee me coming to his bow'r,
Not to return again at ev'ning hour.

ISAAC.

Oh! happy time! — how pleaſing will it be,
To gather in the ripen'd grain with thee!
When noontide heats the reapers ſtrength invade,
With thee to ſeek the cool refreſhing ſhade;
When breezes learn to whiſper Marget's vows,
And bear them gladly thro' the waving boughs;
'Twill make me truly happy, truly bleſt,
With thee to labour, and with thee to reſt.

MARGET.

But when the labours of that month are o'er,
My lap I'll ſpread to catch thy orchard's ſtore;
A pleaſing taſk! — when days, nor hot nor cold,
Adorn the juicy pippin's rind with gold.

When

When from the chimney-tops, at op'ning day,
The playful ſwallows ſing a parting lay;
Gath'ring in flocks to croſs the wat'ry main,
'Till flow'ry April brings them back again.

ISAAC.

For thee the preſs with apple-juice ſhall foam!
For thee the bees ſhall quit their honey-comb!
For thee the elder's purple fruit ſhall grow!
For thee the pails with cream ſhall overflow!
But ſee yon teams returning from the town,
Wind in the chalky wheel-ruts o'er the down:
We now muſt haſte; for if we longer ſtay,
They'll meet us ere we leave the narrow way.

PASTORAL II.

THE CONTEST.

CHARLEY AND DICKY.

SCENE, A beautiful Country, at Noon.

CHARLEY.

SHEPHERD, come hither to this lov'd retreat,
Where warbling birds their tuneful songs repeat.
With rival notes the hills and forests ring——
I think, you lately challeng'd me to sing.

DICKY.

I did, my boy—— nor will defer the time;
The new-cloath'd trees in whispers plead for rhyme.

The daiſy'd brook that thro' the meadow ſtrays
With flow'ry thoughts will animate our lays.
Stay then, my bleating ſheep —— here nibbling feed,
Nor let your roving yonder mound exceed.
Tray, fetch the ſtragglers from that craggy rock,
And, while I ſing with Charley, tend my flock.

CHARLEY.

Old Jacob hears us — ſee, he leaves the groves!
Nor hoary age his love of verſe removes.
Tott'ring he comes — behold the pleaſing ſight,
His friendly features wrinkled with delight.
He, who ſo oft has judg'd in former days,
Shall now decide who ſings the ſweeteſt lays.

DICKY.

Agreed, my friend.—— Come, father, hear our ſongs,
And give the praiſe to whom the praiſe belongs.
Charley, I'll ſtake this mellow flute with thine.
See how the joints of poliſh'd iv'ry ſhine!
Nought with the ſnowy ringlets can compare,
Except the whiter boſom of my fair.

CHARLEY.

Dicky, thy flute is mean, compar'd to mine,
Worn by the touch of mortals half divine.

It

It once was Colin Clout's, the firſt of ſwains
That pip'd to ſhepherds on the Britiſh plains;
Whoſe plaintive muſic thro' the vallies ſpread,
" And taught the trees their trickling tears to ſhed (1)."
Cuddy enjoy'd it next, whoſe equal ſkill
" Charm'd ev'ry vale, and gladden'd every hill (2)."
But when fam'd Cuddy yielded up his breath,
And ſunk, lamented, to the ſhades of death,
To tuneful Thyrſis he the reed conſign'd;
Thyrſis, the joy and boaſt of ev'ry hind,
Who breath'd ſuch tender notes, that at his call,
" The headlong ſtreams hung liſt'ning in their fall (3)!"
Next Bowzebeus ſwell'd its charming ſound,
While artleſs ſhepherds gayly flock'd around.
So ſweet his muſic, that the rural ſwains
" Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect ſtrains (4)."
He gave it me when old, and crown'd with praiſe:
But if thy ſongs ſurpaſs my rural lays,
'Tis thine by right — for ſo it is decreed,
Who ſings the ſweeteſt, juſtly claims the reed.
Its ſounds have often made the hills rejoice:
There's nought ſo charming but my Sukey's voice.

JACOB.

Begin, my boys — to neither I incline:
Nor let the vanquiſh'd at his fate repine.

(1) Spenſer. (2) Philips. (3) Pope. (4) Gay.

CHARLEY.

How ev'ry proſpect charms the raviſh'd eye! ——
Beneath the luſtre of a glowing ſky:
The nightingale yon ſilver'd hawthorn ſhrouds,
And larks are ſinging to the ~~diſtant~~ lofty clouds.
Dicky, how gay thy cot and fields appear,
Where blooming ſhrubs the fertile valley chear;
From yonder hillock cryſtal waters ſpring,
And round thy dwelling form a ſilver ring.

DICKY.

How much more lovely in the proſpect ſhines
Yon ancient abbey, where the ivy twines
Around the ſacred walls, and climbs the tow'r,
Againſt whoſe pleaſing ruin leans thy bow'r?

CHARLEY.

See how the diſtant ocean brightly gleams,
Beneath the glowing ſun's deſcending beams!
No daiſy-crowded meadow looks ſo bright,
Sparkling with dew at early morning light.
See where the fertile iſland forms the bay,
With lofty cliffs in cloud-ſoft colours gay.
There diſtant ſhips that o'er the billows ſteer
Like waving woods in hazy miſts appear.

DICKY.

DICKY.

Behold the clouds like hills and dales are ſeen,
There ſhining ſeas with floating lands between;
See how that moving mountain ſoftly glides,
With tree-hug'd ruins on its ſhaggy ſides,
Where currents ſeem to murmur down the ſteep,
To ſuch fair fields as would delight my ſheep.
Methinks I there ſhould love to feed my flock,
And ſlumber on that fleecy-pillow'd rock.

CHARLEY.

You weary maids, that labour'd in the heat,
To cut the thiſtles from the riſing wheat,
Now ſweetly ſlumber on the moſſy ground,
Near waters murmuring in a lulling ſound.

DICKY.

Ye lab'ring ſwains, who ſhun the ſcorching beams
Where ſpreading oaks meet o'er the cooling ſtreams,
Your taſk is pleaſing, through the ſhady grove
To teach the willing waters where to rove.

CHARLEY.

To day at ſun-riſe, as I ſought my fold,
The eaſtern clouds appear'd like rocks of gold;

I view'd the dazzling ſcene with true delight,
Till charming Sukey, paſſing, drew my ſight
From thoſe gay glitt'ring objects of the ſkies,
To ſofter colours in her lovely eyes.

DICKY.

One ev'ning fair the ſky was gayly dreſt;
The glitt'ring ſun ſeem'd ling'ring in the weſt,
When on yon eaſtern hill, array'd in white,
My deareſt fair receiv'd the glowing light.
Oh! how her beauty charm'd my raviſh'd eyes!
She ſeem'd an angel ſettled from the ſkies!

CHARLEY.

See yonder flow'ry lawns beſide the ſpring,
Where buzzing bees delight to work and ſing,
There Sukey will to-morrow come to ſtay;
There wander with me all the live-long day:
And when, retir'd to reſt, my weary flock
Pant in the cooling ſhade of yonder rock,
Then thro' the wood we hand in hand will move,
And, like the cooing turtles, murmur love.

DICKY.

To-morrow Nelly comes my flock to ſee,
And while ſhe ſoftly whiſper'd it to me,

What

What modeſt looks ſhe gave!—her eyes how meek!
While a young roſe bloom'd wide upon her cheek!
I'll cull the flow'rs that make yon hillock gay
To deck my fair one like the queen of May:
But in my arms ſhould Nelly fall aſleep,
Ah! how neglected then you'll rove, my ſheep!

CHARLEY.

Ye idle twins, the faireſt of my flock,
That ſkipping play on yonder thymy rock,
When Sukey comes, to her ye friſking bound,
As in the froſt to plats of ſunny ground.
Touch not the tainted graſs, nor noiſome weeds;
Shun the rank verdure near the marſhy reeds:
Feed on the richeſt cowſlips in the glade,
And roll on beds of vi'lets in the ſhade,
Till you breathe fragrance like the honey-combs;
For Sukey's ſure to kiſs you when ſhe comes.

DICKY.

My jetty lamb, whoſe beauty ſhines from far,
Come turn thy forehead, ſhew thy ſilver ſtar.
Thy mother periſh'd on the frozen plain,
And milk you ſought with mournful bleats in vain.
Thee, hapleſs creature, Nelly warm'd and fed,
And on her boſom ſtrok'd thy drooping head.

Deck'd with a bell, you nodded harmleſs pride,
Slept in her lap, or wanton'd by her ſide.
How ſhe thy grateful frolics would admire,
Dancing before her chearful winter's fire!

JACOB.

Ceaſe, tuneful youths, the pleaſure of the plain;
Your ſongs recall my youthful days again.
Dicky, the hopes of Charley's flute reſign;
Nor can I, Charley, call young Dicky's thine.
Sing when you meet, your friendſhip to increaſe;
Wagers breed enmity, and ſpoil your peace.

PASTORAL III.

WINTER.

COLIN AND PHEBE.

SCENE, The Fields cover'd with Snow.

PHEBE.

COLIN, how painful is this piercing wind!
Thou canſt not ſcreen me from its blaſts unkind.
Oh, heav'ns! my fingers ach to that degree,
My guſhing tears declare my miſery.

COLIN.

In pity for thy pain, my tears behold;
Thy ſorrows pierce me more than winter's cold.
Could I aſſuage the rigour of the ſky,
No more ſhould Phebe weep, or vainly ſigh.

The winds, alas! are deaf to all I ſay;
The cruel winds would tear thy cloak away!
Give me thy hands, nor let me ſigh in vain;
Oh! let me breathe them into life again.
Ye northern blaſts, the coldeſt of the ſkies,
That freeze the tears which roll from Phebe's eyes;
Whoſe chilling breath has kill'd each tender flow'r,
That ſummer blow'd to deck my fair one's bow'r;
Forbear to touch her charms, where roſes gay
For many winters never knew decay.

PHEBE.

Let's drive our ſhiv'ring cattle to the ſcreen
Of yonder crowding oaks with ivy green;
Under whoſe boughs our kine may ſhelter find,
And the thick covert keep us from the wind.

COLIN.

How chang'd that place! our former lov'd retreat;
Then the cool winds came welcome to our ſeat!
Then blooming thickets ſcented yonder vales,
And on their green arms danc'd the nightingales.
Then ev'ry bird was full of gaiety,
And fearleſs came and kept us company.
For we ne'er took their eggs, or hurt their young,
Or lur'd them to the lime-twigs when they ſung.

No ſky-larks now are warbling from above,
Spreading o'er ſunny fields the voice of love;
But riſing lonely, dreadful to their ſight,
Slowly in circles mounts the bloody kite.

PHEBE.

But ſee th' increaſing blaſts ſo fiercely beat,
Our kine for ſhelter to the furze retreat;
Without thee, Colin, here I could not ſtay,
Unleſs to periſh ere the cloſe of day.
But let the ſharpeſt froſt bind up the rills,
And make the fens as hard as rocky hills,
Nay, hang his iſicles on ev'ry tree,
I would rejoice to tend the herd with thee.

COLIN.

Let freezing winds the rivulets reſtrain,
And turn to ſtone the waters on the plain;
They cannot freeze the ſpring of love that flows
Thro' my warm heart, and in my boſom glows.
How ſweet the words from Phebe's lips to me!
"I would rejoice to tend the herd with thee:"
Such tender ſounds from Phebe have the pow'r
To make the ſurly winter ceaſe to low'r.
The ſky grows light, the winds are leſs ſevere;
The fall of ſnow is o'er; the hills appear.

Ye ſlacken'd gales that now your rage reſtrain,
And ſeem to ſigh for giving Phebe pain,
Ah! if ye pity her, the clouds remove,
And let the cheering ſunbeams warm my love.

PHEBE.

Colin, I like this bank with ſhrubs o'ergrown;
See here how early is a primroſe blown!
Soon to be nip'd again; for thick behold
The winter-fruits, a certain ſign of cold.
See how the field-fares and the thruſhes flock
To yonder ſcarlet haws beneath the rock.
How rich with fruit yon bending black-thorn ſhows!
And ſee where Colly feeds, a tree of ſloes
Bows its rich head, as it would us ſalute:
Touch'd with the froſt, a ſloe's my fav'rite fruit.

COLIN.

I'd rather pluck a ſingle ſloe for thee,
Than for myſelf the fruits from ev'ry tree.
How poor would Colin be without his fair,
Should ev'ry hedge the choiceſt berries bear:
But rich with thee, tho' in the meaneſt cot,
Upon the wildeſt hill's moſt barren ſpot.
Loſt to the world, and ev'ry pleaſing ſwain,
Where one room only kept us from the rain.

Where

Where not the meaneſt bird would deign to ſing,
Nor ſwallow tell the dear return of ſpring.

PHEBE.

Thy favours, Colin, chear my grateful heart,
And to my ſoul the warmeſt joys impart!
Love makes it ſpring! Are not the fields more gay
Than e'er I ſaw them in the month of May?
The woods, the groves, the meads, the fields, from hence
Seem blooming, guarded with a ſilver fence.
Nor want we muſic; here are purling ſprings,
And like a nightingale the robin ſings!
Hark! — the winds whiſtle ſweetly as they fly!
Methinks I hear ſoft muſic in the ſky!

COLIN.

Look upward, Phebe, and behold a train
Of ſnow-white ſwans, that ſeek the diſtant main.
Their fanning pinions pleaſe my liſt'ning fair,
And make ſoft muſic with the yielding air.
Return, fair birds! the pleaſing ſounds renew,
And Phebe's tuneful voice ſhall mount to you.
From her ſuch melting notes ſhall reach the ſky,
That you in ſweeter ſtrains may learn to die.

PHEBE.

PHEBE.

See, Colin, see, the cattle round the brink
Of yonder pool in vain attempt to drink;
To break the ice they call in penſive mood,
With lowings echo'd from the naked wood.

PASTORAL IV.

TWO BOYS.

TOM AND WILL.

SCENE, The South Downs in Suſſex.

TWO ſhepherd-boys beneath a holly's boughs
Sat on the graſs, and watch'd their grazing cows;
At length the ſunſhine ſtole upon their ſeat,
When Tom grew reſtleſs, and complain'd of heat.

TOM.

The ſhadow's gone from underneath this tree,
And now the ſcorching ſun's too hot for me.
Lay by your nettle pipe; I've laid down mine:
See how that heifer ſtarts —— you fright the kine!

WILL.

Let's go to yonder ſtream that turns the mill,
And runs all frothy from the woody hill.

Along

Along its banks I ever lov'd to roam,
And mark the bubbles riſing from the foam.
There's a ſweet echo at the water-fall,
That anſwers double from the caſtle wall.

TOM.

Some ſay the ſcreech-owl, at each midnight hour,
Awakes the fairies in yon antient tow'r.
Their nightly dancing-ring I always dread,
Nor let my ſheep within that circle tread;
Where round and round all night, in moonlight fair,
They dance to ſome ſtrange muſic in the air.

WILL.

See, ſee, how Colley goads the milk-white ſteer:
Her horns are ſharp,—you can't be too ſevere.
Ill-natur'd beaſt! to ſpoil his harmleſs play;
Purſue her, Tom, and drive her far away.

TOM.

My blows were hard—for ſee my ſtaff is broke;
I made her feel my ſtrength at ev'ry ſtroke:
She is of late ſo viciouſly inclin'd,
She muſt be fetter'd, and her head confin'd.

WILL.

WILL.

See, all the kine are coming to the ſpring,
Except the brindl'd cow, poor crippl'd thing!
You ſhould not ſcare her ſo, you know ſhe's ſhy;—
I wonder, Tom, you did not break her thigh!
She always flies the ſounding of a ſwitch;
Nor could ſhe ever fairly leap the ditch.

TOM.

Go, Diver, fetch her up —— quick, hie away;
But, ah! beware her heels —— at diſtance bay:
Nor truſt thyſelf again too near her head.
Sure thou haſt felt enough her horns to dread!
Come, let us ſeek the ford, there's ſhady boughs;
Cool in the ſtream the cattle love to browſe.
I long to taſte the ſpring, and quench my thirſt;
You can't outrun me, Will, and get there firſt!

WILL.

I'd rather blow my pipe, it ſounds ſo ſhrill;
Hark, how it echoes from the rocky hill!
There aſh-trees grow; and now the ſeaſon ſuits
From their ſmooth limbs to make us louder flutes.
For now the beaten rind with eaſe will ſlip,
And the ~~ſoft~~ moiſt wood be pleaſant to the lip.

Did you to me the ſecret ſkill impart
Of making pipes? It is a pretty art.

TOM.

No; Charley told you —— I know when and where;
For which he was a ſparrow's neſt to ſhare.
He ſhew'd, what vex'd me too, a preſent fee,
Two painted marbles that you won from me.
Then careleſs he forgot his roving ſheep,
That climb'd the rock, while keeper lay aſleep;
And where the hollow bank hangs o'er the ſedge,
A weather fed too near the thymy edge;
When all at once you heard a daſhing ſound,
And hardly ſav'd the ſheep from being drown'd.

WILL.

That very water now is ſunk ſo low,
That we may pluck the talleſt reeds that grow.
The hazel bow, with which I ſhot ſo high,
That my ſwift arrows almoſt touch'd the ſky,
Laſt night I broke; but I have brought the ſtring,
And here are hazels plenty by the ſpring.
From yon tall elder trees, with bloſſoms white,
We'll head our ſtraighteſt arrows fit for flight.

TOM.

TOM.

You ſhall not tempt me thence to cut a ſpray;
I ſaw two gold-finches around them play,
And quickly found their neſt. — Look yonder, Will,
A butterfly is coming from the hill.
Surely we both can catch him, if we try;
'Tis pleaſing ſport to hunt a butterfly.

WILL.

See on the bramble, where the chaffinch ſings,
He's ſettled now; how fine his ſpotted wings!
Go ſoftly, Tom —— if we the prize ſhould win,
We'll make a cage of graſs to keep him in.
He's gone — I miſs'd him — ſee he flies to you —
Now, Tom, you bruſh'd his wings — ne'er mind your ſhoe!

TOM.

He comes to you again; I miſs'd my blows.

WILL.

Aye, here he comes again.

TOM.

Now, there he goes.
Stop, Will — I'm down — come back — come back again;
Aſſiſt me quickly! — I ſhall die with pain.

Oh! I have run a thorn into my foot.
Pull off my ſtocking—how the pain does ſhoot!

WILL.

There, Tom, 'tis out again—'tis large indeed!
How often miſchief comes for want of heed!
How hot it is—there's ſcarce a breath of air,
See how the ſweat runs down my face and hair!
Come, let us go into the dell to play;
There are no wheat-ears* to be caught to-day.
Look all around the ſky, no cloud is there,
Whoſe ſhadow makes them run into the ſnare.

TOM.

Our cows have now the open ground forſook,
And underneath the trees that ſhade the brook
Each to the running ſtream her tail applies,
To cool her ſides, and chaſe away the flies.
Let's haſte and drive them thence—for ſee yon cow,
Which Diver bays, is near the miry ſlough.

* The wheat-ear is a very delicious bird, about the ſize of a lark, found chiefly ~~only~~ on the South-downs in Suſſex, where they are taken in the following manner: They dig a hole in the ground a foot long and ſix inches broad, taking off the turf as a cover to it. In this hole they fix a nooſe made with horſe-hair, and cover every part of the hole with the turf, except a ſmall aperture near which the nooſe is placed. The birds, which are remarkably timorous, and frighted even at the appearance of the ſhadow of a cloud, run for ſhelter into the traps, where they are taken.

WILL.

WILL.

Come to the ſpring that clear as cryſtal glides,
And the green meadow from the wood divides.
There will we ſtrip; for I delight to wade,
Where deep it flows beneath the poplar ſhade.

TOM.

Or ſit upon the bridge, and backward beat
The haſty water with our naked feet:
How cool the touch! it fills me with delight
To ſee it froth, and hurry from the ſight.

WILL.

O look, what flocks of linnets come to drink!
See how they ſettle at the river's brink!
Ah! had we birdlime now—who could forbear
To lime a ſprig, and lay it for a ſnare?

TOM.

I caught a greenfinch; how his breaſt did ſhine!
A golden chaffer's wings are ſcarce ſo fine.
The ſame, I gueſs, that in our orchard bred;
For t'other day I found the young ones dead.
My father ſince won't ſuffer me to lime,
Till all the birds are paſt their breeding time.

WILL.

WILL.

I found a robin's neſt within our ſhed,
And in the barn a wren has young ones bred.
I never take away their neſt, nor try
To catch the old ones, leſt a friend ſhould die.
Dick took a wren's neſt from his cottage ſide,
And ere a twelve-month paſt, his mother dy'd!

TOM.

See, Diver's not yet ſatisfy'd with play!
I'll ſend him now to yonder rick of hay,
Or ſhall I make him fetch acroſs the ſtream?

WILL.

Conſider, Tom, how much you weary him.
See how his tongue hangs out; he pants for breath:
Put up the ball; he'll run himſelf to death!
I'm weary too. —— Then by the willow trees,
That bowing whiſper'd with the paſſing breeze,
They laid them down, when gentle ſleep oppreſs'd
Their drowzy ſenſe, and clos'd their eyes to reſt.

PASTORAL V.

THE COMPLAINT OF DAPHNIS.

A SOLILOQUY.

SCENE, The Side of a Wood near the Sea.

THE night was ſtill — the ſilver moon on high
Dappl'd the mountains from a cloudy ſky;
Silent as fleecy clouds thro' æther ſail,
Before the gentle-breathing ſummer's gale;
So thro' the miſty vale, in twilight grey,
The ſleepy waters ſoftly paſt away:
When Daphnis, ſtretch'd upon a graſſy bed,
Above his dewy pillow rais'd his head;
And, turning up his melancholy eyes,
Pour'd out his ſorrows to the liſt'ning ſkies.
The world's at reſt —— all nature finds repoſe;
The weary nightingales their eye-lids cloſe,

Huſh'd

Huſh'd from its murmurs, ebbs the quiet deep;
On fleecy clouds the winds are dropt aſleep:
While I alone, deny'd the calm of reſt,
Endure a ceaſeleſs tempeſt in my breaſt.
Bewail, my flute, in plaintive notes my ſmart;
The bitter anguiſh of my heavy heart.
Dear Celia's gone—go!—fatal tidings—fly!
Dear Celia's gone— the echoes faint reply.
The winds, awak'd, come ſighing o'er my head;
The trembling trees drop tears around my bed.
The ſky grows gloomy at my mournful tale,
And ev'ry liſt'ning ſtar now changes pale.
The wond'ring moon, in pity to my care,
Kiſſes the cloud that weeps at my deſpair.
Sicilian notes of grief my flute impart,
To ſpeak the anguiſh of my wounded heart.
Ah! what avails my flocks, my fruitful hills,
My waving groves, my ſilver-foaming rills;
In vain I call the tuneful riv'let mine:
In vain its pebbles like the rainbow ſhine:
In vain its bubbling ſtreams for ever curl
In giddy dances to the conſtant purl.
Deaf to my grief, ſhe with Evander roves,
And ſcorns my bleating flocks, and cooling groves.
Begin, my flute, with melancholy art,
Expreſs the weight of ſorrow at my heart.

To what a clown my beauty gives her charms!
Round what a neck ſhe twines her lily arms!
Now may the linnet with the bat combine;
The ſnowy doves with ſooty ravens join:
The dappl'd deer to ſloughs with ſwine remove,
And fearful lambs the cruel badger love!
My flute, bewail my loſs, expreſs the ſmart
That pierces thro' my ſad neglected heart.

No more my garden or my home I heed;
Now let the ſwine upon the fruitage feed.
Within my cot, where quiet gave me reſt,
Let the dread ſcreech-owl build her hated neſt;
And from my window o'er the country ſend
Her midnight ſcreams, to bode my latter end.
Lament, my flute, bewail the cruel ſmart,
The cutting anguiſh of my bleeding heart.

The day-light breaks, the duſky ſhadows fly,
And clouds turn ſcarlet in the morning ſky.
Alas! the light can give me no relief;
The light augments the burden of my grief.
The ſcenes of love now ſicken on my ſight;
No more yon rock ſhall echo my delight:
Each joy is fled, with all the golden dreams
I once enjoy'd, by yonder ſky-blue ſtreams.
No more ſhall I, beſide yon blooming thorn,
With flow'ry wreaths my ſmiling love adorn;

For now beneath that love-deſerted tree,
Departed pleaſure haunts my memory.
My flute, with mournful notes, divulge my ſmart;
With ſoothing warblings eaſe my trembling heart.
When in my cherry-grove the trees begun
To ſhow their crimſon fruitage to the ſun;
Dear luckleſs time! how fatal was the day!
To her fair hand I bent a bluſhing ſpray.
Love's earlieſt pleaſures then my heart poſſeſt,
And ſpeechleſs raptures crowded in my breaſt.
Her ſoft alluring ſmiles my ſoul enſnar'd,
While with her lips the cherries I compar'd.
Bewail, my mournful flute, the pleaſing ſmart
That darted thro' my fond deluded heart.
As a calm ſea, fan'd by the whiſp'ring gale,
Allures the ſhepherd from the quiet dale;
Joyful to venture on the ſmiling ſcene,
Brighten'd with ſun-beams from a ſky ſerene,
He quits the heart-felt peace he once enjoy'd,
By the fair boſom of the deep decoy'd;
But when the ſhoar is raviſh'd from his eyes,
Clouds ſhade the deep, and darken all the ſkies;
Beneath the tempeſt yawns the roaring main;
The rocks appear, and death receives the ſwain:
So beauteous Celia ſmil'd, my ſoul t' enſnare,
And daſh me on the rocks of wild deſpair.

Bewail, my flute, bewail, with ſoothing art,
The dreadful tempeſt raging in my heart.
What do I hear? — the country bells proclaim
Evander's joy, and my unhappy flame.
My love continues, tho' there's no redreſs!
Ah! happy rival! — ah! my deep diſtreſs!
Now, like the gather'd flow'rs that ſtrew'd her way,
Forc'd from my love, untimely I decay.
My anguiſh to the ſkies is breath'd in vain;
She heeds me not, — ſhe pities not my pain.
Bewail, my flute, bewail my fruitleſs ſmart,
The death-like ſhudd'rings of my throbbing heart.
Ah! how ſhall I my faithleſs beauty ſee
Sport with a rival where ſhe play'd with me!
To diſtant plains I'll fly the hated ſight;
No more my fertile fields afford delight!
My much-lov'd home, my native cot, adieu,
Where, lodg'd with peace, my fathers hoary grew.
Farewell, ye oaks, that now with age decline,
Yet never heard of any grief till mine!
Farewell, my little farm, my herds, my ſheep,
Ye ſhallow ſtreams, that murmur'd me to ſleep.
I'll climb yon miſty hill — far hence I rove ——
Celia, farewell! — farewell the ſweets of love!
Now ceaſe, my flute — my ſighs, no more depart
In plaintive muſic, from my dying heart.

PASTORAL VI.

THE HAPPY MEETING;

OR,

ARGOL AND LUCY.

SCENE, A beautiful Country ſoon after Sun-riſing.

'TWAS early day,—the ſun ſerenely bright
O'er all the country ſpread a chearful light;
The vocal foreſts echo'd to the ſound
Of tuneful nightingales that warbl'd round;
When Lucy ſought Amanda's lov'd retreat,
Printing the daiſy'd plain with nimble feet.
Two turtle-doves, the ſofteſt of their kind,
Hung from her hand, in wicker cage confin'd:
A preſent to Amanda of the grove,
From Angelot, to teach her how to love.

Scarce

Scarce had the flock of Argol left the fold,
And from the verdure ſipt the dewy gold,
When he beheld her tripping o'er the lawn,
And flew to meet her like a bounding fawn.
Where haſtens Lucy, cry'd the panting ſwain!—
Lucy he lov'd, and Lucy lov'd again.

LUCY.

See yonder hill beyond this flow'ry briar
Beneath that cloud, whoſe edges ſeem on fire;
Thou ſeeſt the ſun ſhine on yon ancient tow'r;
A little to the left, Amanda's bow'r
Sends up a ſmoke, that curls upon the breeze;
The rural cot is hid among the trees:
Thither I haſte, theſe turtles to convey.—
See! what a lovely pair—how richly gay!
How ſoft they coo!—what pretty down!—behold!
What lovely eyes!—how bright in rings of gold!—

ARGOL.

Brighter thine eyes—thy hand more ſoft and fair!
To what ſhall I thy ſweeter voice compare?
Sweet as when lull'd aſleep beſide the ſpring,
I dream of heav'n, and hear the angels ſing.
But, lovely Lucy, give the birds to me——
I'll carry them, or any thing, for thee.

For thy dear company I'll leave my ſheep;
No dangerous pits are here, no headlong ſteep.
My dog will keep my flock within the dell;
Tho' he's but young, he knows his duty well.
Behold, he ſpies thee, love!—look, Lucy, ſee,
What eager tranſport!—how he ſprings to thee.

LUCY.

Poor loving creature!—call him quick away!
See how the doves are frighted with his play!

ARGOL.

Come hither, Keeper, and thy love forbear!
To thee I now ſhall leave my fleecy care.
Watch well the lambs along the river's ſide;
Nor let the ſtraggling weather be their guide.
Mark well the ſickly ewe; her fate I fear;
Nor let the cruel raven ſettle near.

LUCY.

Yon ſhepherd boy, ſee where he idly ſtrays,
And by the river with his ſpaniel plays;
Till thy return he'll keep a watchful look:
I've known him, when a child, with ſcrip and crook,
Climb the lone hills behind the wooly drove,
And all alone upon the mountains rove.

His

His play was bowling pebbles to the vales,
Or blowing thiſtles down to wanton gales.
Sometimes with wildeſt notes his pipe he'd fill,
And ſtop the trav'ler with his early ſkill:
While to his muſic danc'd his fav'rite Tray;
And thus he'd weary out the longeſt ſummer's day.

ARGOL.

Like him, in early youth the crook I bore,
But near the boiſt'rous ſea's reſounding ſhore,
Where ſkimming mews o'erlook their fiſhy prey,
And the big porpoiſe ploughs his foamy way.
How often there have I forgot my ſheep,
In culling ſhells ſmooth poliſh'd from the deep;
Which, join'd with ſea-weed, look'd ſo lovely fair,
My ſkipping lambs ſeem'd proud the wreath to wear.
Oft have I follow'd as the waves withdrew,
And they, returning, would my feet purſue;
Till the laſt ſun-beams on the water play'd,
And I grew fearful of my lengthen'd ſhade.
But ah! how much more pleaſant is this plain,
Than the bleak mountains near the treeleſs main?
Here from the ſummer's heat in groves we hide,
Where birds rejoice, and gentle waters glide:
But ſhould my Lucy her fond ſwain deceive,
Groves, birds, and rivers, would no pleaſure give.

LUCY.

LUCY.

Deluſive ſwain, how you deceive the fair
With flatt'ring words that heedleſs maids enſnare.
To paſs that ſtream I always was afraid,
The craggy ſtones are ſo uneven laid:
Argol, thy hand — leſt I ſhould tread aſide;
The waters make me giddy as they glide.

ARGOL.

Shall not I ſtretch my hand the maid to ſave,
To whom my heart ſo willingly I gave?

LUCY.

Fine words, — oft ſaid to many a maid beſide:
I know who Argol with Amanda ſpy'd,
Beneath yon elms —— She ſat upon thy knee:
Doubtleſs you've ſaid as much to her as me.

ARGOL.

I with Amanda, love, in yonder vale!
Some nymph or ſwain hath told an idle tale.

LUCY.

Ah! guilty youth! — 'twas I the fight beheld,
From where the glowing cowſlips dreſs the field,

There, gath'ring May-boughs to adorn thy crook —
The leaves were thin, I threw a heedleſs look.
Her crimſon garment caught my wand'ring eye;
You muſt remember — but I paſs it by.
Behold, the ſouthern ſky begins to lour,
And ſoon the clouds will pour a haſty ſhow'r.
Within this cot we'll wait — the rain is near —
Alas! how oft have I been merry here!

ARGOL.

What dwelling's this! — what ſtrange forſaken place!
See barren thorns and blooming ſhrubs embrace!
No careful herdſman checks the browzing kine,
That from the windows tear the fruitful vine.

LUCY.

Before you ſaw theſe fields, you heard the fame
(It rang beyond the hills from whence you came)
Of young Alexis —— this was his retreat:
To join in mirth, here would the country meet.

ARGOL.

Was this th' abode of that unhappy ſwain,
Who lov'd to ſuch exceſs — but lov'd in vain?

LUCY.

Muſic he lov'd —— but verſe his chief delight:
There hung his flute, with iv'ry circles dight.
See how theſe walls with rhymes are pencil'd gray!
Here read theſe pretty lines to Sylvia.

ARGOL (reading).

How bright the colour of the damaſk roſe!
How rich the ſcarlet of the poppy glows!
How white the lilies in the vallies riſe!
How ſweet the zephyr from the woodbine flies!
But Sylvia's cheek excels the damaſk roſe;
Her coral lips beyond the poppy glows;
Her ſnowy neck the lily's white defies;
And zephyr's ſweeteſt when from her he flies.

LUCY.

Behold, the ſtorm is paſt! the rain is gone!
The duſt is ſettled, and the winds are flown!
The flow'ry fields perfume the gentler gale,
And cloudy ſhadows hurry from the dale!
The ſportive lambkins in the ſunſhine bound,
And cheriſh'd nature glitters all around!
I go but little farther o'er the plain;
Wait, Argol, here, till I return again.

Few

Few minutes only will I ſtay — meanwhile
Alexis' verſe the moments will beguile.

ARGOL.

Ah! haſte thee, lovely maiden! — tedious prove
The minutes, when I'm abſent from my love.
Time ſcarely makes the lazy moments creep:
As ſlow they move as when a flock of ſheep
Are driv'n by weary ſhepherds up a ſlipp'ry ſteep.

MOLLY.

A PASTORAL SONG.

I.

MOLLY, now the fields are gay,
Come, my fair one, come away:
Woods and groves are in their prime;
Let us love away the time.

II.

Flowers, blowing in the vales,
Give their fragrance to the gales;
Which, in flying o'er the plains,
Waft it to the ſmiling ſwains.

III.

Cupid calls to green retreats,
Daiſy paths, and moſſy ſeats;
Youths delighted hear his voice,
And the glowing fair rejoice.

IV.

Nightingales with ſongs delight,
On the May-boughs ſilver-white;
Muſic's in each buſh and briar,
Larks are in their cloudy choir.

V.

Finches to their offspring ſing,
As they learn to uſe the wing,
Vent'ring from their downy neſt,
Gay in gold and ſilver dreſt.

VI.

Molly, we will chuſe a ſeat,
Bower'd from the ſultry heat;
Where the cooling hawthorns blow,
Bloſſoms of unmelting ſnow.

VII.

There ſuch tales of love we'll ſing,
Ne'er were warbl'd to the ſpring;
Till the weary ſun's at reſt,
And the gilded clouds undreſt.

VIII.

Woods will ſo enamour'd be,
With my fair one's company,
That, when duſky eve appears
To call her home, they'll be in tears.

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

A PASTORAL SONG.

I.

LOW in the weſtern ſkies the ſun
Diffus'd his radiant beams;
And like a firey column ſhone,
Reflected in the ſtreams.

II.

The clouds their purple wings outſpread,
Tip'd with the golden ray;
And each tall grove and mountain's head
Flam'd with departing day.

III.

When fair Miranda on a bank,
Beſide a ſpring, was laid;
And, while her thirſty cattle drank,
Thus to the brook ſhe pray'd:

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye ſtreams, be kind! ah! hear a maid!
Let Strephon be your care;
Propitious now your vot'ry aid,
And free me from deſpair.

V.

Strephon's upon the dang'rous ſeas,
Miranda's left to weep;
Go ſeek the court where Neptune ſways
The trident of the deep.

VI.

There, purling round his oozy bed,
Lull thou the God to ſleep;
Where groves of coral overſhade
Him in his dark retreat.

VII.

That on the waves, devoid of fear,
My faithful love may reſt:
And may it be his only care
To think how I'm diſtreſt!

FINIS.

IV.

Ye fairies, be kind! and hear a maid!
Let Strephon be your care;
Propitious now your votary aid,
And free me from despair.

V.

Strephon's upon the dang'rous seas,
Miranda's left to weep;
Go seek the court where Neptune sways
The middle of the deep.

VI.

There, pulling round his coury bed,
Lull thou the God to sleep;
Where groves of coral bow'd made
[illegible]

That on the waves, devoid of fear,
My faithful love may sail;
And may it speak only my care
To think how I'm ill'd!

FINIS.